Half-Truths About Britain—*an Editorial*

THE *Nation*

August 27, 1949

Goethe and the French Revolution

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

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Dry Rot in the Capital

BY THOMAS SANCTON

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From Mencken to Pegler

BY ROBERT BENDINER

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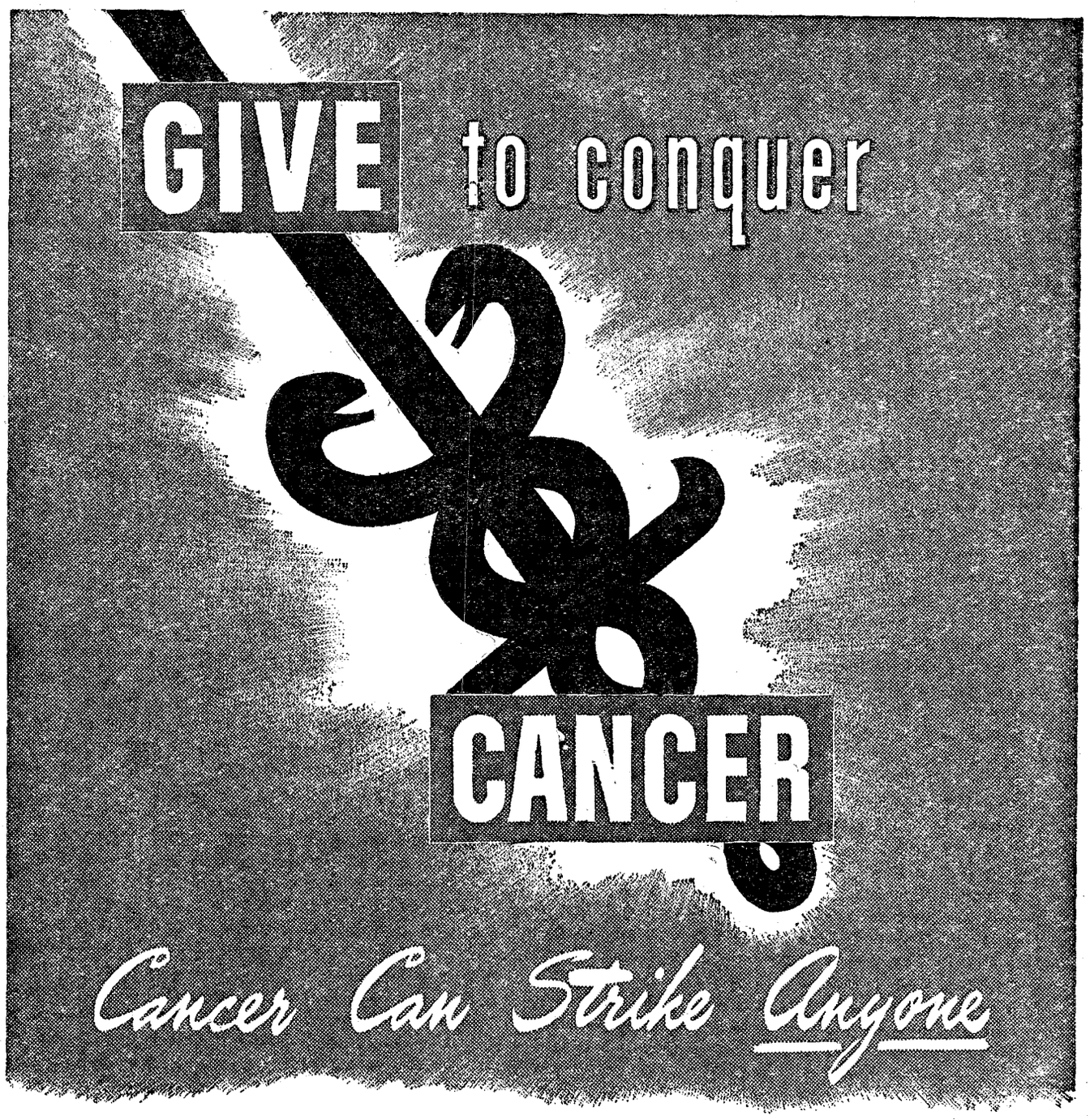

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

WITH THE SALE OF A $3,000,000 STEEL MILL to Marshal Tito, the American government launches a new and fascinating phase of the cold war. Recommended by the National Security Council, the deal is, on the level of strategy, a mark of our confidence in Tito's staying power. It rejects the fear, reportedly advanced by Secretary of Defense Johnson, that such a course will strengthen the war potential of Yugoslavia without any assurance that the rebellious Balkan nation would be on our side in the event of a clash between East and West. Perhaps it signifies a marked lessening of the fear that such a clash is fated to occur. On the ideological level the move is equally significant. It is a demonstration to the world that our quarrel is not with communism as such but with the expansionist drive of the Soviet Union. By helping one Communist state oppose another, we appear to be telling the world that we are not concerned with a country's politics as long as it does not attempt to export its doctrine or make it an instrument of imperialism. Whether we mean to go so far or not, we are in effect advising the countries of Eastern Europe that their dependence on Soviet Russia is not vital to their existence as Communist states, that we can do business with them regardless of politics, if, following the Yugoslav lead, they cease being satellites and reconstitute themselves as nations. This is a far cry from the practice of putting our reliance only in the decadent relics of a bygone day. If it is nothing more than a recognition that the old order in Europe is gone, it is an historic advance on the road to political maturity. At the same time, the development poses a profound problem for liberals who, like ourselves, have in the past damned the kind of expediency that calls for aid to anti-democratic forces. Can the cause of freedom be advanced, even in the long run, by supporting a police state like Tito's? The question is more easily raised than answered.

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THE SENATE'S REFUSAL TO ELEVATE THE Federal Security Agency to the status of a Cabinet department is as shabby a bit of politics as our upper house has indulged in for a long time. There appears to be no valid argument against the plan itself, which was recommended by the Hoover Commission on Reorganization of the Executive Branch; the motive of the recalcitrant Republicans and Southern Democrats seems to have been a mixture of hostility toward social security in general and pique against Oscar Ewing because of his stout advocacy of health insurance. The lobby of the American Medical Association, as mendacious and intolerant as any in the capital, is reliably believed to be in part responsible for this imposition on the public. By a fortunate accident the same motives strengthened rather than weakened support for the desirable transfer of unemployment insurance and employment exchanges from the Security Agency to the Department of Labor. Transfer to this department of other agencies which were taken away by Congresses hostile to labor in the past has not yet been proposed by the President, though recommended by the Hoover commission. With the shift of the Bureau of Public Roads to the Department of Commerce six of the seven reorganization measures so far sent to Congress by the President have gone into effect. Progress has also been made in unifying the armed forces, and there is reason to hope that the good work will continue in the next session. If so, all that will remain will be the introduction of efficiency into the operations of Congress itself.

*

OVER MARYLAND AND THE REST OF THE country, too, for that matter, the air is a good deal purer for the decision of a sane and courageous judge. Taking a good look at the so-called Ober law, easily the most vicious of all the attempts to curb "subversion" by statute, Judge Joseph Sherbow of the state Circuit Court found it to be gravely in violation of the state constitution, of Maryland's Declaration of Rights, and of three amendments to the federal Constitution, besides being an "unlawful bill of attainder" and "too general for a penal statute." This, by the way, is the measure that was worked out by a special commission and passed unanimously by the Maryland Senate, with only one dissenting vote in the House of Delegates. It provided a five-year prison sentence for mere membership in an organization deemed to be subversive and twenty years for engaging in "subversive activities," besides the more common requirement of loyalty oaths for all public officials and even candidates for elective office. Judge Sherbow threw out all four provisions, scoring the dangerous vagueness of the language, the plain effort to circumvent the law forbidding the prescription of any

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oath other than the one set forth in the state's constitution, and, above all, the attempt to set up a system of thought control. ". . .Laws may punish acts and conduct which clearly, seriously, and imminently threaten substantive evils," his refreshing opinion reads; "they may not intrude into the realm of ideas, religious and political beliefs, and opinions." Should Maryland's Court of Appeals reverse the Sherbow decision, the case will certainly be carried to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime the unique merit of the American system of checks and balances has again been demonstrated, with a single calm and detached judge blocking a stampede by scores of fearful legislative pigmies.

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THE WEAKNESS OF THE STEEL COMPANIES' case against the union is betrayed by the fact that their spokesmen began by attacking the tribunal before which they were about to present their arguments. This looks as if they expected the expert fact-finders to recommend concessions that management does not intend to grant; as if they were making a bid for public support, in case of a strike, by smearing the umpire. It is of course absurd to imply that when the President of the United States intervenes to prevent a serious strike, he is acting like a dictator or is conspiring with labor to get the workers benefits they could not obtain by collective bargaining. Such statements would be nonsense even if the contestants were bound to accept the fact-finders' decision, but official mediation without obligation on the part of the contending parties is one of the oldest and most honored instruments of labor adjustment. The steel executives seem to think that their decisions on union demands must be regarded as final, strike or no strike. The workers may ask what they please, but if the companies say no, that is apparently regarded as the end of the effort to bargain, and the government must not intervene. In short, economic royalism is far from dead. It is too bad that the issue should be clouded by this attitude, since there might be some enlightenment for the public in a candid effort to appeal to justice rather than to prerogative. An argument worthy of careful consideration, for instance, was put forward by Dean J. Douglas Brown of Princeton, who said that the workers should rely for old-age pensions and other basic security measures mainly on the government rather than on industry. Obviously the ability of employers to pay such benefits varies widely.

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO'S account of his daring venture into Franco Spain, announced for publication in this issue, has been delayed in transit. It will appear in these pages as soon as possible after it reaches the United States.

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Half-Truths on Britain

THE Scripps-Howard Newspapers have launched an all-out attack on Britain and the Labor government in the form of a series of articles on British Socialism in Action by E. T. Leech, who, to hear Scripps-Howard tell it, is the world's most objective reporter.

Actually Mr. Leech has marshaled a great many quite unassailable and very interesting facts. The perspicacious reader, who knows how to separate fact from opinion, will find in his series a picture of security achieved without the sacrifice of liberty which may even make him wonder why Mr. Leech and the Scripps-Howard Newspapers are so dead set against it. But the average newspaper fancier reads as he runs, and the Scripps-Howard editors have taken care that he gets the impression they have planned. The series is headed with a loaded title "Utopia on the Rocks" and each article is prefaced by a loaded editorial note which is designed to offset any favorable impression of British socialism in action that Mr. Leech's articles may convey. Moreover, Mr. Leech himself cooperates to this end by the arrangement and sequence of his facts.

His technique is amusing, in a grim way, and also transparent, once you become aware of it.

Item: In his first article Mr. Leech begins by saying: "Nobody else on earth has greater guaranties of security than has the British citizen. The state starts serving him before he is born. From the first knowledge of his mother's pregnancy, government steps in to guide and shelter him. During all his years it will continue to do so. And it will provide for his burial and for his family after he dies." One can't help feeling that even Mr. Leech is rather taken by this prospect—until he adds the assertion—which sounds for all the world like an editorial insertion—that in spite of all this, "one of the most insecure of the world's people is this same British citizen." One assumes that Mr. Leech has found this out by talking to the British citizen, until one reads his next sentence: "If he studies or thinks about such matters at all—*and millions of English do not*—he is worried, disappointed, and fearful" (italics ours). One realizes then that it is not the British but Mr. Leech and the Scripps-Howard newspapers that are worried.

Item: A little farther on in the same first article Mr. Leech talks about the terrific taxes and prices the British pay. "Twenty British cigarettes cost 70 cents; weak beer is 20 cents a pint. Sales taxes on many other items run from such rates as 33 per cent up to 100 per cent on luxury goods." One might think that an "objective" reporter would have the grace to mention at this point that essential items of food and clothing are sold at tax-free "utility" prices—which means low prices; that meat, for instance, scarce as it is, costs only about twenty cents a pound. Mr. Leech, to be sure, does mention the low prices of food—but only in article four, in the course of an attack on government subsidies.

And so it goes. There is not space to examine all Mr. Leech's tricks and half-truths or to analyze the editorial presentation which turns his series into a crusade that is anti-British, anti-Socialist, anti-Marshall Plan, and by inference anti-any-fair-deal in this country. We will cite only one more point, which happens to be crucial. The British citizen, according to Mr. Leech, is over-taxed, half-starved, and insecure—and all because of socialism. The logical conclusion is that the British citizen, like the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, is determined to turn the rascals out. Yet in article three we read this: "There is widespread belief among Conservatives and other observers that without Marshall aid the Socialist government would have collapsed some time ago. *Which does not mean, however* [we are still quoting Mr. Leech], *that Britain would have turned Conservative. She might have gone further left.*"

Is this what the Scripps-Howard Newspapers want? Or are they merely bent on poisoning relations between the United States and Britain and exploiting, for journalistic purposes, a crisis in which the future not only of Britain but of the whole Western world is at stake?

The "Do-a-Little 81st"

IN DOMESTIC politics the past twelve months have seen liberal hopes follow the graph of a manic depressive's spirits. Until November 2 all was black; the Republicans were in, and the Eighty-first Congress would make its predecessor look enlightened by comparison. Then, in the first flush of unexpected victory, the moon and stars appeared to be within grasp. It was almost taken for granted that the Democratic sweep meant a second blossoming of the New Deal, that the new Congress would give Mr. Truman everything he asked for, and that he would ask for all that was good, true, and beautiful.

With the swift abolition of the autocratic power of the House Rules Committee and concerted plans to end filibustering in the Senate, these hopes soared to a new high, but it was not long before disillusionment set in. The President did ask for a good program, but he seemed mild about it, and there was an unwelcome mellowness about his handling of the Dixiecrats. Senator Lucas seemed like a poor choice for leadership on the Hill, and labor grew restive over Congressional talk that a showdown on the Taft-Hartley act might have to be postponed. When the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition reformed its lines in the Senate and, in effect, upheld the filibuster, gloom filled the air, and it deepened as the first "hundred days," from which so much had been expected,

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produced only squabbling and tactical boners. With the Administration's failure to pass any of its civil-rights bills and the rout suffered in trying to get the Taft-Hartley act repealed, the bottom was reached.

It is only now that we are beginning to emerge from this dark mood and to realize that 1948 was still worth while. Bit by bit the Truman program is being enacted —not volcanically, like the Roosevelt program, but cautiously and, perhaps more important, with the grudging consent of many who in the past would have seen themselves damned rather than vote for it. Where the public-housing bill was a rallying point for the most venal lobby in Washington under the Eightieth Congress, it was passed by the present Congress with the votes of such Republican tories as Brewster, Bridges, Capehart, and Ferguson in the Senate and O'Konski, Coudert, and Engel in the House. Similarly the bill to raise the minimum wage from forty cents to seventy-five was passed by the House last week with the approval of Hugh Scott, retired chairman of the Republican National Committee, as well as 138 of his party colleagues, and such Southern Democrats as Colmer of Mississippi, Smith of Virginia, and Hebert of Louisiana. Thanks to strong-arm action by the leaders of both parties, a D. P. bill is to be blasted out of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and a more generous law than the niggardly one now on the books is almost certain to be passed. Extension of the reciprocal-trade system, unimpaired, is highly probable, and it is by no means impossible that the Administration will have another fling at civil-rights legislation before the session is over.

We are not suggesting of course that the Eighty-first Congress has delivered anything like enough in the way of pledged legislation. It has a long way to go before it effects the programs so blithely put forward by both major parties. Another attempt will have to be made to replace the Taft-Hartley act with a respectable labor law. If a public-health bill can't be passed, its opponents will at least have to be smoked out. An anti-lynching measure and a ban on the poll tax are the minimum we have a right to expect in the field of civil-rights legislation. A broadening of the social-security system is urgently needed, and the question of aid to the schools cannot be indefinitely postponed to spare the tender sensibilities of certain clerics. Rent control has been gravely jeopardized by a cut in appropriations, and the President's "Point Four" program remains a pretty blueprint. In addition there may have to be emergency legislation to head off a depression, and in any case hearings are scheduled for the fall on the far-reaching Economic Expansion Act. But to the Administration's credit, Senator Lucas talks of keeping Congress in session until it reach "decisions on these vital issues, even if we have to stay in Washington until Thanksgiving time."

On certain of these measures, particularly basic farm and power programs, the President is biding his time, feeling no doubt that Congressmen will be more receptive to such considerations in the election year of 1950 than they are at present. It will be on the total two-year record of the Congress that they will be judged, along with their respective parties. While there is no occasion as yet to hand out any laurels, it is far too early for liberals to fall into the despondent mood, so welcome to Republican strategists, that there is nothing to choose between this Congress and its predecessor; that we were taken in by Truman's onslaught on the "do-nothing Eightieth" and might just as well have given a clean-cut victory to Tom Dewey.

Dry Rot in the Capital

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, August 19

THE builders have torn the rotten old roofs off the House and Senate chambers, and the Capitol these days is in a state of planned disorder. The Senate is sitting in the old Supreme Court chamber, and the House in its own Ways and Means Committee room in the new House office building across the square. In the Capitol the long spacious corridors have been pressed into service as press galleries and are lined with desks, typewriters, and improvised telephone arrangements. Everyone agrees that despite the physical inconvenience this is a great break for the press corps. Now there is no way for Senators to get to and from the sessions except by walking through the "press room." In the small and crowded Supreme Court chamber the press tables are actually on the floor, separated only by a low railing, so that the sotto voce heckling, hasty strategy suggestions, and wisecracks formerly inaudible in the spacious Senate chamber are clearly heard in the press section; many of the Senators lean back against the rail, and there is banter between them and the reporters. This puts the whole process of "the greatest deliberative body on earth" in a new and intimate light. It is a fascinating show. The men with the big names—Lucas, Taft, Wherry, Connally—seem almost like fellow-members of the college debating society. Their occasional petti-fogging tactics sound less malicious and conspiratorial, more understandable and human—and a whole lot funnier. Many of the high-flown formal denunciations on the floor pop into meaninglessness like soap bubbles

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when the orators can be heard a few minutes later making sardonic comments on their own efforts.

Even the skyline of the huge gray-stone Capitol looks strange and broken now. Cranes and scaffolding and the bright yellow, unpainted wood of protective coverings distort the old building. A generation ago one might have associated all this hoisting and hammering with the age of expansion and skyscraper construction that was changing the face of America's cities. Today, however, thoughts of burned and bombed European capitals and the slow reconstruction of a war-gutted civilization come to mind. Here it was not violence but time which did the damage. The passing years have aged the physical plant of American government, and this repair work in Washington was long overdue. Last winter, when the leg of a piano pierced the crumbling floor of the White House, it became apparent to all that something had to be done about the internal deterioration behind these noble old façades.

ALL this seems to symbolize the human issues at the core of the legislative stalemate in Washington today. One force in government—the intellects which brought real issues and a coherent and rational philosophy of the federal functions into the Truman program—is carrying on a courageous but losing struggle to bring government to grips with the very real problems of the times. Another force—still commanding the obsolete committee powers and other procedural devices, though it has been defeated at the polls for almost twenty years—is battling to preserve a nineteenth-century philosophy which with every passing year becomes more laden with disastrous potentialities. In the new disordered circumstances in the Capitol both the gravity of the threat offered by the traditionalists and their understandable human motivations have become clearer. Senator Taft, who thinks he is winning his fight to "save America from socialism," is a more understandable figure when one watches him make his angry speeches from a distance of ten feet—speeches delivered now directly below the impassive marble bust of his father, who looks down on the scene with other former Chief Justices from the circular rear wall of the old court chamber. Some of these justices have been given Roman togas by the sculptors; and one sometimes feels that one is listening to much the same human story as that which Tacitus related in his grand and tragic annals of the Roman senate in the time of Tiberius. It is the story of the power of tradition, of cleavage to the past and fear of the present and future, of man's faltering efforts to use his gift of foresight and projected reasoning in facing new social conflicts.

In my opinion this effort has come upon bad days, and one of the historic failures of American history is taking place in Washington today. The architects in stone are saving the White House and the Capitol. But the architects of human affairs are being frustrated. In the Senate this week Taft and an erstwhile "liberal," Fulbright of Arkansas, led a fight which crushed Truman's most important reorganization proposal. This plan would have set up a department of health, welfare, and education. Two years ago these two men introduced such a bill themselves. But now it is Truman's program, and the objective of their reactionary coalition is to defeat all Truman's major efforts. The American Medical Association has backed them up with one of the most audacious and malignant lobbies in history. The fight in the Senate was waged against Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing, to whom the bill would have given Cabinet rank and the authority that goes with it. Ewing is a wealthy Wall Street lawyer, but he believes in Truman's recommendations for universal health insurance. This was called socialism and communism in the recent acrid debate, and the measure was defeated by a vote of sixty to thirty-two. Certain other erstwhile "liberals" —Lister Hill of Alabama was one—spoke on the previous day in the glowing terms of the old New Deal against a reactionary committee report that would have sabotaged a rural-electrification program in the Arkansas area. Listening to them, one might think: "These are intelligent men, worthy of leadership, and the country is safe so long as they believe these things." Then the next day many of them joined Taft to wreck a far more important program. The conclusion is obvious: they support rural electrification because they realize that the farmers at last know what it means and will help defeat a man who is against it. Unfortunately, the mass of voters do not yet know what the health program really means. Having never enjoyed its benefits, they can be told that it is wicked, destructive, communistic.

AS HAPPENED in the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress, the coalition-controlled Eighty-first has used the investigative powers of many of its committees to produce political propaganda against the Administration. Truman himself, faithful to personal and political traditions, unphilosophic, limited in background, more loyal to cronies than to the program which gave him power, has provided these committees with sensational opportunities. No president or prince in history has been without his profiteering hangers-on, and Major General Harry Vaughan is a small-time operator as they go. The real scandal of the war was not the scrounging of a few deep-freeze lockers or the smuggling of a bottle of perfume essence by one of Vaughan's pals. As in all wars, the scandal involves billions—war contracts showered on a small group of large cartels by their former managers and board chairmen temporarily in government or in generals' uniforms. Certainly it could be demonstrated—if this were the era of the Pecora and Black investigations—that a staggering proportion of the 252-

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billion-dollar national debt was quasi-legal graft, bribery, and forced tribute paid to the business groups which owned the physical plant of America and said in effect: Pay off, or else. But at the current hearings of the Hoey subcommittee one can hear reporters gasp at the petty chicanery of a few generals, colonels, and influence men because they happen to be cronies of a crony, General Vaughan, and General Vaughan has become the coalition's political issue for 1950 and 1952. The coalition also feels a little easier these days at the thought that Truman may not have a depression issue after all, for political counter-attack. Some of the business indices have risen again, and in the Capitol the word goes around that the recession may be over.

At the hearings of the Hoey subcommittee on five-percenters this week we heard a fierce and ambitious little major general—Alden Waitt—tell how he tried to get reappointed for a second hitch as chief of the Chemical Warfare Corps by playing ball with Vaughan and James V. Hunt. The details of the story were not important. In brief they amounted to the fact that General Waitt had gone to Hunt's office to dictate a memorandum for Vaughan to give to the President. It was written in the third person about Waitt and his rivals so that Vaughan could just pass it on as a survey—although for some reason he never did. In it Waitt performed a professional throat-cutting job on his rivals, some of whom he had highly recommended for promotion a few months earlier in his official army-fitness reports. The real significance of all this is the sudden insight it gives into an old fact—the preeminence of mean, cheap, and often destructive personal motives in the highest councils, where decisions and strategies involving the life and death of millions are made.

Goethe and the French Revolution

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, August 18

THE homage rendered Goethe in Aspen, Colorado, in July of this year brought together some of the finest European thinkers and writers in exaltation of the *grand seigneur* of German literature. The universality of this homage was in keeping with the tradition of the Goethe cult. Coleridge and Carlyle had proclaimed his poetry to be without equal in its loftiness of thought and beauty of rhythm. Byron dedicated two of his plays to him and called him the greatest genius of the era of the Encyclopedists. Gérard de Nerval considered his own translation of Goethe's "Faust" one of the greatest accomplishments of his life, and Madame de Stael looked upon the famous poet almost with adoration. Emerson described him as the other side of Napoleon's personality, and Napoleon himself made direct efforts to win over to his side people who had the friendship of Goethe.

All see in him the symbol of his century. But the century of Goethe was the century of the French Revolution, and it is necessary to penetrate deep into the relation of Goethe to the Revolution if the claim that he represents his century is to be accurately evaluated. In what I read of the speeches at Aspen, that subject was touched upon only in passing. I shall devote this commentary solely to its consideration.

To use the statements he made in conversation with Eckermann as the basis for a theory that Goethe was a revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary is to simplify dangerously the whole problem. The great poet's attitude toward the Revolution was too complex to be reduced to a simple formula. There was in his long creative life a moment in which he undeniably opened his heart warmly to the Revolution, as Klopstock had done in his brilliant stanzas calling on the Germans to follow the example of the French, and as other German poets and writers of the time had done, such as Herder, Wieland, Knebel, Lessing, the most radical of them all, had died on the eve of the Revolution. The spectacle of revolutionary France shaking off the weaknesses of the court of Louis XVI and then plunging into the Napoleonic wars made these men dream of a Germany emerging strong and free from the stagnation into which it had sunk after the Thirty Years' War and from its resultant political and commercial isolation from the rest of Europe.

For men like Klopstock, Winkelmann, and Fichte, identification with the Revolution was much easier than for Goethe, who belonged to the upper-middle classes. He enjoyed the favor of a prince whose fame as a soldier cloaked the highest cultivation—King Frederick of Prussia. For half a lifetime he breathed the air of the court in an era of rigid social divisions between the aristocracy and the middle and lower classes. But it was especially his intellectual position as the greatest writer of his time which made it almost impossible for him to identify himself with any group, even to lead it. He felt he was a world in himself. Even his friends reproached him for his indifference to the questions of social justice which, through the influence of Rousseau, were beginning to disquiet them. While Voltaire, as Heinrich Mann remarks in one of his most brilliant essays, was berated by the nobles and answered by sending them to the guillo-

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tine, Goethe tended to side with the aristocracy against the common people. His first reaction to the French Revolution was that of a man who cannot bear the commotion; and it was from that first reaction of disgust and incomprehension that the legend of Goethe the counter-revolutionary arose.

HIS contradictory and changing attitudes toward the great upheaval will be better understood if his personality as a whole is examined through a consideration of his varied activities. Minister, theater director, poet, philosopher, natural scientist (*Naturforscher*), he took up each new activity with the confidence that he would lift anything he touched to hitherto unattained heights. In anatomy he was the discoverer of the intermaxillary bone; as a botanist he advanced the study of permutations of plants; as a zoologist he elaborated a new theory of man's origin which has led many to call him a precursor of Darwin; as a philosopher he felt himself akin to Spinoza, whose pantheistic concepts he adopted with ardor. After Spinoza, the German philosopher Leibnitz most influenced him. Goethe's interpretation of Leibnitz's principles of individuality and development give the key to the former's true attitude toward the Revolution in France.

It would be unfair to present Goethe as entirely indifferent to the fate of the lower classes, later to be called the proletariat and today for all genuine Socialists the ruling class, the substance and moving force of the society of tomorrow. Repeatedly one finds in him a desire to see the lower classes rise to a better life. But he believed in a slow, systematic growth like the growth of a plant, responding to the law of nature, rather than a convulsion produced by the fury or impatience of men. His was a poetic rather than a dramatic concept of progress. He was incapable of penetrating the French Revolution with the constructive insight of a Hegel. His poetic concept of the progressive transformation of the world, which he considered inevitable and necessary, excluded any violence that might jeopardize intellectual harmony. His weapon against social injustice, the egoistic despotism of the rich, and the angry revolt of the dispossessed was education—above all, self-education, each individual thus coming nearer to the humanitarian ideal in which opposing passions submit to a compromise beneficial to all. This is an attitude which actually does not threaten privilege; the aristocracy as well as the prosperous mercantile classes gladly accept any revolution which takes place exclusively in the lofty realm of ideas. In a Germany ruled by petty princes who sold their subjects to any country that wanted them for its mercenary armies, the least damaging kind of revolution, the only kind which could be accepted, was the kind advocated by Goethe. Later, when German unity was achieved under Bismarck, the Prussian police-state saw to it that the revolution in the realm of ideas should never degenerate into revolution in action. Without the slightest fear that this might happen, the most reactionary ministers and the Kaiser himself could enjoy the pleasure of quoting Goethe.

Not revolution but evolution and reform—a "New Deal" in the language of today—this was the attitude of Goethe, as it was the attitude of most of the German intellectuals of his time. Change was to come not through the action of the masses but through the initiative of an enlightened and unselfish prince, or the son of the prince, in whom philosophical discussions anticipating the rise of the modern state had planted a seed. This was the concept which inspired Schiller when he wrote his play "Don Carlos."

But all the philosophy and serenity which one assumes to rule the emotions of a thinker who lifts his gaze above his century are not enough to withstand the attack of a people which takes into its hands the task of overthrowing the society that exploits and crushes them. Even Goethe yielded to the greatness of the first dramatic splendors of the French Revolution. Later, as the Revolution unfolded and the masses' destructive attack upon the old society was urged not by the oratory of Mirabeau but by the threats of Robespierre, Goethe grew more and more uneasy. At first he concealed his dismay at the usurpation by the Jacobins of the role of the moderate radicals and continued to maintain that revolutions were always the fault of the ruling classes rather than of the people. But soon he began to voice moral if not political disapproval.

THE outbreak of the Terror, its official proclamation, was too much for him. The adolescent silhouette of Saint-Just, the "archangel of extermination," converted by his revolutionary ardor into an instrument of liquidation as cold and sharp as the knife of the guillotine, profoundly disturbed Goethe. After all that he had said among his friends and all that he had written, he could not honestly come to the defense of the aristocracy whose heads were rolling amid the acclamations of the *sans-culottes*. Yet neither could he justify the new course which Robespierre and Saint-Just had given to the Revolution. He took refuge in a studied neutrality. The first to do so many things, he was also the first to reproach the intellectuals for choosing to remain *au dessus de la mêlée*. (A hundred years later the intellectuals who in a time of great crisis took the side of the people sought refuge in the same attitude.) When Ortega y Gasset proclaimed last month at the Goethe ceremonies in Colorado the right of the intellectual to place himself above the tempest of his time, he saw himself as the Spanish Goethe turning his shoulder on the Spanish masses in rebellion against Franco.

But it was not in Goethe's nature to cling indefinitely

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to this neutral attitude. He soon felt the need to express himself. In his next play, "Die Aufgeregten," he dealt with the Revolution much more critically but also more profoundly than in his more casual early comments. He rejected the suppression of dissidence as an outrage to the spirit, and those who today condemn the exclusion and purging of non-Communist elements in the Soviet sphere could cite him at length in defense of their position. But his approach to the French Revolution as a whole placed him far above the critics of the Russian Revolution. He remained always on a plane of intellectual dignity, observing events from a broad human perspective, never resorting to insult or diatribe against the Jacobins. In one of his most beautiful poems, "Hermann und Dorothea," he reveals his capacity to treat with justice even those whom he could not approve intellectually, and to find noble motives in actions with which he could not be in accord. Behind the clash of political passions he uncovers the eternally human; with marvelous skill he depicts simple family life caught in a social upheaval which seemed to drive men to devour each other.

WHAT he needed in order to achieve a complete understanding of the Revolution was to descend from his high place as a spectator to the arena where men were fighting. And this experience also in part awaited him. In 1793 the Duke of Brunswick accompanied the King of Prussia on his expedition into France to restore Louis XVIII to the throne. At the request of the Duke, but without enthusiasm, Goethe went along, doubting the wisdom of this act of intervention and rather scorning the French aristocrats who marched in the rear of the foreign army. He philosophized; he talked with the officers about his theories of color; he wrote beautiful brief poems about the small incidents of the march. But when at Valmy the ragged, poorly armed soldiers of the Revolution fought like lions and obliged the magnificently equipped and disciplined army of Frederick to retreat, he perceived for one moment all the force and significance of the Revolution: "A new era dawns in history and you may say that you were there."

It was only for a moment. Quickly his social and intellectual pride reacted against the insolent pretension of the masses to take the place of the élite. Once he recovered from the first shock, once he suppressed that first feeling of admiration for the revolutionary mob which was capable of resisting the physical might of the Prussian army through the strength of an idea, he applied his prodigious mind to the task of combating that idea. The same course was followed exactly 150 years later by those who admired Stalingrad but hated the idea that made Stalingrad possible.

Valmy shook Goethe, and in reaction he abandoned once and for all his neutrality. If the little French soldiers inflamed by the words of Saint-Just, the first political commissar in history, were on the side of the Revolution, then Goethe was on the side of the Duke of Brunswick. His poetic inspiration was to come elegantly to his aid in reconciling his sympathy for the progress of humanity with his choice of remaining on the side of privilege. His was not a vulgar opportunism, for there was nothing of vulgarity in his make-up; it was his harmonic concept of the world that made him resist any new temptation to let himself be won over by the Revolution.

While his concept of society did not accept the masses as an independent political force, choosing their own road and their own leaders, he did not scorn to mix with the people. On the contrary, he enjoyed speaking from time to time with the blacksmith, the cobbler, the coachman, and he praised the human qualities of simple people—their honesty, their loyalty, their common sense and patience. In this idealization of the poor and the dispossessed there was something of the romantic generosity of the Russian writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, especially Tolstoi, with whom Goethe had another trait in common—his belief that violence should not be answered with violence, a philosophy which is very agreeable indeed to all despots and masters.

If his imagination soared higher than that of the other German thinkers of his time—with the exception of Fichte, who bravely and without reservation defended the French Revolution in two important essays written in 1792—Goethe fled from the immediate reality. Those who in Europe and the United States today refuse to meet the challenge of the revolution now in progress and advocate instead the creation of a world government have in Goethe their precursor. World Monarchy (*Weltmonarchie*) appealed to Goethe's cosmopolitanism. He was intrigued too by the difficulty of its achievement, by the fact that it was an almost superhuman undertaking. He had already put into the mouth of one of the characters in "Faust" the words: "Den lieb' ich der unmögliches begehrt." These words had their effect on Napoleon. But did they not also apply to Robespierre, to the Revolution as a whole? Did not the Jacobins pursue what seemed to be impossible?

IT CANNOT be claimed that Goethe was unfamiliar with the socialist ideas which, although still in a vague form, heralded the appearance of the proletariat on the political stage. Possessed of an intelligence which knew no boundaries and incomparably widely read, he knew well the writings of Saint-Simon and Robert Owen, the forerunners of modern socialism. The impression they made on him is clearly reflected in his "Wilhelm Meister," in which the concept of a world monarchy was carried forward in an obvious effort to give the so-called "common man" a greater chance to participate in the re-

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organization of society. As a member of the *Weltbund*, a world league, Wilhelm labored to build the foundations of a new social order based on freedom and equality. But here again what Goethe proposed was a sort of "colonization," penetrating the old prejudices and modernizing the way of thinking of the ruling classes. A hundred years before the famous Fabian Society of London, he learned to conjugate the verb "permeate." In "Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre" he describes a group of people who emigrated to America, anticipating those socialist experiments which, with more enthusiasm than resources, the followers of Fourier undertook in the old and new worlds. The example of William Penn was vividly before him. Goethe's keen analytical mind foresaw the changes which were to come when the agrarian state gave way to the industrial state, the sordid struggle between man and the machine. Above all, he recognized that the new social economy would bring with it "a new social consciousness, a new social ethic."

His idea of the future state was much like that which evolved between 1820 and 1830, inspired by a moderate bourgeois liberalism with radical offshoots, as an answer to the bigotry of the Holy Alliance. His heroes do not step over the frontier which separates reformism from revolution. They are more dreamers than fighters. True, he sends his Egmont to his death with the cry of freedom on his lips, but he does nothing to help him triumph. Only in "Faust," which is a portrait of himself and as such of the individual genius, the symbol of all humanity, does he set no limits to his thought. Here the rhythm of the revolutionary era which has dawned is plainly felt; here the heart of the Revolution beats.

But as soon as other men transform the idea into action and actually as well as symbolically shake existing society to its foundations, he retreats on himself. He cannot bear to hear the challenge to the old order coming tumultously from the street. But history follows its course unhalted by the poetic or philosophic complexities of the greatest of geniuses, and that same shouting of the masses which dismayed Goethe was heard again in the streets of Paris during the Commune, in St. Petersburg in 1917, and is heard today in the suburbs of Canton. The difference is that today the threatened capitalist world cannot even offer a Goethe to comment upon it.

Church and State in New Mexico

BY R. L. CHAMBERS

Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 18

THE Roman Catholic church has undoubtedly more influence in New Mexico than in any other state in the Union. One manifestation of this influence is the extensive parochial-school system it has set up. Pupils in parochial schools have by custom been allowed free rides in state buses, and the Department of Education has even supplied them with strictly sectarian textbooks. In recent years, with state approval, the church has converted its schools into public schools, partly to accommodate non-Catholic children in remote areas where there are no other schools and partly to win for teaching nuns and priests the higher pay of public-school teachers—this of course to be handed over to their superiors.

Until last year, when a number of Protestant parents in the small mountain community of Dixon in the northern part of the state banded together to take court action, the situation was accepted, although it was the source of considerable friction. Non-Catholic parents were particularly incensed when nuns taught religion during school hours, often sending non-Catholic children out into the cold yards while these classes were in session.

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On March 10 District Court Judge E. T. Hensley handed down a decision permanently barring 143 priests, nuns, and brothers previously employed in twenty-six public-parochial schools from teaching jobs in tax-supported institutions. These persons, he said, had taught sectarian doctrine and installed crosses, religious pictures, emblems, and statues in a public schoolroom, thereby violating the First Amendment to the Constitution. Perhaps more importantly, he ordered that the distribution of free textbooks and the operation of a free bus service to parochial schools be discontinued. He also ruled that church-owned buildings might no longer be used for tax-supported schools.

He was careful, however, to point out that his decision did not bar members of Roman Catholic religious orders, other than those specifically prohibited for past misconduct, from teaching in New Mexico. This means that the church can continue to send its servants to teach in the isolated northern areas of the state, where Spanish is the principal language and public schools are few and far between. It must, however, either close its "public" schools or reconvert them to parochial use.

It was thought that Judge Hensley's decision would silence the strong voice of the Roman Catholic church

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in the public schools of the state, but actually it has hurt the state more than the church. Attorney General Joseph Martinez has advised the State Board of Education that it can continue to supply non-sectarian textbooks free to parochial-school *students* and that the Hensley ruling does not in any way bar nuns, priests, or brothers from teaching in the state's tax-supported schools. This opinion has convinced those close to the "Dixon case" that the church will not appeal the ruling.

In some communities the public schools have been housed in buildings owned by the church and rented to the state; these have been staffed with nuns and brothers. Since the court decision stipulated that any schools owned by the church and rented by the state must be completely free of religious influences, the church now plans to take back the buildings and turn the schools into parochial schools. The dozen public schools affected will have to be replaced at a cost of well over $100,000; the exact figure is yet to be determined, since the church has not decided just how many school buildings it will take over. In a poor state like New Mexico $100,000 is a lot of money. If used to lower the infant-mortality rate—the highest in the nation—it could accomplish a great deal.

More than half the state's population of 750,000 is Catholic. Although Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne of the Santa Fé archdiocese, which includes parts of Texas and New Mexico, is careful not to step into secular debates, the church was responsible for passage of a Fair Employment Practices Act in the last session of the state legislature. The church also actively campaigned for the defeat of an anti-closed-shop constitutional amendment which labor classified as a "little Taft-Hartley act." Labor credited the church with a major share in the defeat of the measure. Any politician who ignores the church and its needs and prejudices commits political suicide. Its influence on the public-school system is one of the less healthy manifestations of its strength.

Before Judge Hensley handed down his decision, the church greatly feared its effect. Former Solicitor General Charles Fahey, who was sent from Washington by the church for the purpose, pleaded with the court not to use the "blunderbuss treatment." He admitted that there had been violations of the constitutional separation of church and state but asked the court not to bar all members of Catholic religious orders from public schools. Hensley yielded to this plea. Because of his other rulings, however, the church was expected to appeal to the Supreme Court and then to the United States Supreme Court.

While the church considered its course of action, state officials made it clear that they wanted to have nothing to do with the case. They would abide by the Hensley decision. The State Board of Education at its May meeting considered the litigation and decided to avoid any court action.

When the board, through its chairman, Raymond Huff, ordered public-school officials to stop hiring nuns, priests, and brothers as teachers in the public-school system and the order was released to the press, the church immediately got busy. Attorney General Martinez called Huff and told him he had no right to issue such an order. The Superintendent of Schools, an elective office usually occupied by a politician rather than an educator, said Huff had been "misquoted"—the minutes of the board meeting showed no such order. Martinez followed through by asking the board four questions which it in turn submitted to Martinez for an opinion.

THESE questions concerned the essential points of the Hensley ruling—bus transportation, textbooks, school buildings, and the place of members of religious orders in the public-school system. Martinez was unable to find a way out of the transportation ruling since no existing statute permits all students to ride on school buses. Parochial schools, he granted, could no longer receive free textbooks, but textbooks could be sent to parochial-school *students*. The state constitution, he said, permitted this interpretation of the court decision. As for school buildings owned by the church, Martinez said they would have to be considered individually to determine whether all religious influence had been removed. Nuns and priests may still be hired as public-school teachers, he told the board, provided they are hired individually and not in a group.

The Board of Education declared that it would follow Martinez's opinion. But a short time later it announced that it would not distribute any textbooks to parochial schools since the Hensley decision did not permit it. It did not say how parochial-school *students* were to receive their books. Again the church took action. A "parents committee" was organized to call on Superintendent of Schools Charles Rose. Rose, his temper at the breaking-point from the telephone calls he was receiving night and day, promised the committee that he would abide by the Attorney General's opinion. Things are not too black for the church on the transportation front either. The State Transportation Director says that "some way will have to be figured out to get the kids to school."

The Protestants who thought they had won a resounding victory are now examining Hensley's ruling to see if there is any way to stop up the loopholes the Catholics have discovered.

The working agreement between church and state in New Mexico, which for years has kept the state school system from collapse, remains unchanged by the court decision. But in some communities non-Catholic students will suffer. The parents who started the suit must face the fact that next fall their children may have to attend parochial school or leave home and go to school in a town perhaps a hundred miles away.

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Indonesia: Qualified Optimism

BY ANDREW ROTH

Batavia, August 8 (Delayed)

THE covey of planes bearing Dutch and Indonesian negotiators that has just taken off for Holland left in an atmosphere of greater optimism than has been felt here for four years. The Republican government had been restored to its capital at Jogjakarta. A cease-fire between the Dutch and Indonesian forces had been agreed upon. The way had been cleared for a round-table conference to settle the conditions of Holland's transfer of sovereignty to the United States of Indonesia. Yet, curiously enough, the hands of the great public clocks in the city remain stock-still. This is perhaps symbolic of the incompletely resolved deadlock between the Indonesians, who have wanted to move the clock ahead to independence, and the Dutch, who feel the Indonesians are still "children unable to walk alone."

Returning to Batavia after a year's absence, I find few surface changes in this sprawling, suburban-looking colonial capital. On the terrace of the Hotel des Indes ponderous Dutch business men drink their *bols*. Small tradespeople live crowded in bungalows and even garages along the shaded streets, seeking here the opportunities they cannot find in the cramped homeland. On a lower scale are the Eurasians, who used to flaunt their Dutch names and citizenship before the "inferior" Indonesians but now are uncertain what attitude to take. In the teeming Chinese quarter throbs the commercial pulse of Batavia. Indonesia's two million Chinese dominate internal trade and are suffering the fears and reaping the profits of the middleman in a turbulent period. The small, delicately made Indonesians do the lowest-paid work—Kasiam, a young girl in colorful *sarong* and *kebaya,* walks in daily from an outlying *kampong* to wash clothes for one guilder (officially 38 cents, unofficially 6 cents) a day and food—but it is from this gentle, attractive people that there has emerged the hard core of politically conscious intellectuals who are about to take over control of the islands.

Few of the 120,000 Dutch soldiers in Indonesia are seen in Batavia. The army has had to cut its headquarters forces to the bone to man the small posts sprinkled over the islands' 700,000 square miles. Dutch parachutists were able to seize Jogjakarta and most other Republican centers in central Java and Sumatra, but for a half-year the 200,000 lightly armed guerrillas of the Republican army kept the Dutch on the defensive, unable to establish their authority and losing regularly forty men killed a week. Last April it finally became clear to the military diehards that Indonesia could not be "pacified" even by spending a million dollars a day.

Dutch economic interests also found that the "knock-out blow" which they expected to solve their problems simply multiplied them. From talks with planters in Batavia I have learned of the harrowing life they have led, carrying on their operations behind fences charged with electricity and needing constant armed protection. Under these conditions they could not increase production or keep their costs from rising at a time when the prices of Indonesian products were falling. "We simply have to cut our losses by transferring sovereignty," said the Dutch head of one of Indonesia's biggest international cartels.

Dutch officials here greatly resent the international pressure which contributed to the government's decision to change its policy. They felt they were "fighting evil" here and were filled with self-righteous indignation when their intentions were "misunderstood." The world's disapproval has made itself felt. The K. L. M. air line, Holland's pride, was crippled when its right to land in India, Pakistan, and Ceylon was withdrawn. The United States expressed its displeasure by stopping E. C. A. aid to the Dutch in Indonesia last December. In the view of the State Department the only barrier against Communist influence in Asia is a healthy, non-Communist nationalist movement. The Sukarno-Hatta government showed its anti-communism by suppressing last year's Communist revolt and killing its leaders. Washington, therefore, would like to see the United States of Indonesia established quickly so that this most populous state in Southeast Asia can serve as the anchor of the line against communism. Washington favors continued Dutch economic predominance, believing this will increase economic stability here and help keep afloat a key nation in the North Atlantic alliance.

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all for the Dutch has been the desertion of their cause by many of the so-called "Federalists"—feudal leaders whom they raised to power in areas recovered from the Republic. These chiefs soon found that to keep their following they must respond to the pressure of nationalism; the Cabinets of East Indonesia and West Java resigned in protest against the December attack. After a few months of fighting showed that the Dutch could not win, the Federalists began to seek the friendship of the Republican leaders.

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At the recent inter-Indonesian conference supple feudal rulers like the playboy Sultan Hamid II loudly shouted *Merdeka* (Freedom) and pledged loyalty to the red-and-white flag of Indonesian independence.

Military failure, economic weakness, international pressure, and Federalist desertion—these are the painful facts that have compelled the Dutch to move toward their often-promised transfer of sovereignty.

THE Round Table Conference at The Hague has been called to work out the details of the transfer. That the Dutch Cabinet at least finally realizes the need for a new approach to Indonesia is evidenced by the designation of Dr. Jan H. van Royen as Holland's chief negotiator. A brilliant career diplomat of Dutch-American extraction, van Royen is much more sensitive to Holland's weak international position and the strength of Indonesian nationalism than are colonial paternalists like Van Mook or provincial-minded conservative politicians like Beel, who have hitherto been dominant. He has been praised in many quarters for the skill with which, in collaboration with the United Nations commission, he came to terms with the Republic.

The Dutch have promised "unconditional, real, complete sovereignty, according to Renville principles." The Renville agreement called for a union between a federated United States of Indonesia and Holland, but the Indonesian and Dutch conceptions of this union differ widely. The Indonesians would like a tie as loose as that between India and Britain. The Dutch are willing to give Indonesia formal political independence but would bind it closely to Holland through economic, military, and diplomatic treaties. They also demand the retention here of a considerable body of Dutch administrators. "If the Dutch get everything they want," ex-Premier Sutan Shahrir said to me recently, "we shall have formal sovereignty and Indonesian administrators, but we shall all be wage-earners in Dutch and other foreign firms."

The crucial question at the conference will be Indonesia's economic position. Owning 70 per cent of the foreign capital invested in the islands, the Dutch have used the dollars received for Indonesian commodities exported to the United States primarily to finance Dutch imports and Dutch transshipments to Germany and the Indies. In this and other ways Indonesia provided 16 per cent of Holland's pre-war national income. The Dutch will try to retain this trade pattern through a treaty stipulating a privileged position for Dutch firms and banks and the trade with Holland. The Indonesians, of course, will attempt to gain enough economic independence so that they use their exports to build up their own country rather than Holland.

There is likely to be a big conflict over Indonesia's debts. The Dutch have charged to the islands virtually all the costs of their fumbling efforts to reestablish their rule here. The precise economic situation is a closely held secret, but the Indies government's debt is estimated to be between five and eight billion guilders (two to three billion dollars at the legal rate, $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 at the open-market rate). More than half of this is held abroad. The Dutch would like to drop this whole debt in Indonesia's lap. The Indonesians say they will take over all debts incurred before 1942 and all debts incurred after that for Indonesia's benefit but will not pay for Holland's futile attempts to suppress them. It is probable that the Dutch will be able to retain much of their economic control, since the Indonesians have almost no economic experts and the United States will support Dutch efforts in this field.

They are less likely to succeed in maintaining their military power. Their forces here consist of two armies—the Royal Netherlands army and the Royal Netherlands Indies army. The latter has a Dutch high command, Eurasian officers, and non-commissioned and ordinary soldiers recruited largely from Ambonese, Menadonese, and other traditionally pro-Dutch groups. The Dutch would like to see this force merged with the Republican national army in such a way that Dutch officers and pro-Dutch elements would remain in key positions. The Republicans, naturally, want an army loyal to Indonesia. They may agree to Dutch advisers, or, as Premier Hatta has pointed out, they may look elsewhere, perhaps to the United States, for military guidance. Holland, they say, has had very little experience in the successful conduct of a modern war.

A question which commands great interest in Batavia is to what extent Dutch administrators will be retained. Indonesian administrators and technicians are scarce, largely because few natives have been trained for such work. The Dutch hope to persuade the Indonesians to take over the present administrators and to get any needed technical help from the Dutch government. The Indonesians are willing to take over administrators who are loyal to Indonesian interests but want to be free to go anywhere they want for technical advice.

WHEN Premier Hatta left here he was fairly confident he would obtain most of the Republican objectives at the round-table conference. He felt he had the backing of the United States and the U. N. Security Council and that the weakness of Holland would compel it to compromise. The Republicans believe too that they have taken a high card from the Dutch by reaching an agreement with the Federalists about the future constitution of Indonesia and the position they will take jointly in the negotiations. Skeptics are not sure these feudalists will consistently toe the nationalist line.

The biggest obstacle to any real transfer of sovereignty is the Dutch Parliament, which is dominated by a Labor-Catholic coalition. It is indicative that the Labor

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Party, the most liberal member of the coalition, supported the military action of last December; only its extreme left has consistently advocated a liberal policy toward Indonesia. Dutch public opinion on the subject is extremely conservative and paternalistic. While the Dutch Cabinet has apparently learned some of the truth about Indonesia in the past six months, it is highly doubtful that Parliament would accept a really liberal settlement. R. P. Romme, the leader of the Catholic Party, the largest in Parliament, is a diehard on colonial affairs. He has even tried to unseat the Minister of Overseas Territories, V. H. van Maarseveen, also a Catholic, for being "too radical." With this stubborn political fact in the background, Dutch negotiators at the conference may find it difficult to be liberal enough to satisfy the Indonesians.

Dr. L. N. Palar, the Indonesian representative at the Security Council hearings and a former Socialist Member of Parliament in Holland, summed it up very well when he arrived recently at Batavia's airport en route to the United States: "I cannot be optimistic when I read the Dutch newspapers."

"I Solemnly Swear . . ."

BY ELTON STERRETT

I HAVE just completed the most exacting duty which can be demanded of me as a citizen in peace time: I have served nearly two weeks on a petit jury, which is why I turn to the Latin antecedent of the word "juror" —*jurator,* defined as one who swears. Our jury system is an inheritance from past centuries, and it would be presumptuous to suggest that it should be changed. Yet it is in fact fatally threatened by its own rigidity. The system utterly disregards the time of the jurors, who are moved to swear feelingly at the way their hours and days are frittered away in purely legal delays.

Our venire was called on Monday at nine o'clock. It was 10:35 before the bailiff got around to the roll call and afternoon before the initial panels were chosen. Twenty-six of us, a double jury plus two "spares," filed into the courtroom, answered another roll call, and waited forty-two minutes for one of the lawyers to appear. Surely he had been advised that his case was first on that judge's docket and could have been on hand promptly. Ninety minutes were spent interrogating the twenty-six talesmen, and another half-hour ticked into oblivion as the legal opponents decided on the make-up of the actual jury, after which the thirteen of us who were not selected were sent back to the bailiff for reassignment. The same set of stereotyped questions, in the same order, had been asked of each prospective juror. Full answers on a mimeographed form could have been written out by all of us in three minutes, and the special questions prompted by certain responses could have been put and answered orally in another five. Eight minutes would have accomplished cleanly what was bumbled through in ninety.

If we weren't picked for a case that first day, we reported for roll call the next morning. After taking it, the bailiff chose the panels, and the twenty-six man groups were sent to the various courts for qualification. Again the long-drawn-out question-and-answer examination of each talesman. Not until six hours after roll call were twelve of us seated in a jury box, arbiters of a civil suit for damages for personal injuries allegedly due to the action of the defendant.

But the delays had barely begun. Though we were ordered to report at nine o'clock, the case was rarely under way before ten. Half an hour was wasted after lunch before all the attorneys engaged had convened. A whole day was lost while one attorney presented a case before another court. Jury, judge, and lawyers sat and did nothing while witnesses were located; in some instances the witnesses had just departed after waiting for hours to be called.

The case was in its second week before it reached the jury. "Salaries" paid out by the county to the talesmen totaled $344. A fair estimate of the income forsworn by the same twelve men for the same period would exceed $4,000. Of course the regular members of the court are continuously on the pay roll and receive checks even when no cases are scheduled.

The jury system can survive as the basis of court procedure only if jury verdicts are fair and just. Verdicts can be fair and just only if jurors capable of weighing evidence are impaneled. But veniremen cannot be blamed if they try to evade a duty which prodigally wastes their time by operating at a speed which was provokingly slow when we took over the jury plan from our English cousins more than 150 years ago.

Streamlining has been applied to transportation and industry without harm to their proper functioning. If it were applied to trial by jury, high-caliber talesmen could do their duty as citizens without undue—and unnecessary —sacrifice of time and income. In addition, the courts could decide many more cases per term than are now scheduled. That might mean fewer courts.

It may be that the law's delays act to promote out-of-court settlements of differences. Certainly the present system often works for the lawyer, just as the threat of further delay and the desire for release can sometimes spur a jury toward returning a compromise verdict not in strict accord with the evidence. Perhaps we need all the law's delays. But until the jury process is freed of its antiquated fetters, any venire on which I may be called will find me going back to Latin to describe myself: "*jurator*—one who swears."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Essays and Asides

FROM MENCKEN TO PEGLER

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IT is a little sad to reread H. L. Mencken in 1949. One is constantly reminded of how far we have slipped into nervous conformity since the twenties, when it was not only smart but safe to ridicule the booboisie, to rake the churchmen fore and aft, to prick the politician's hide, and wave the flag of the élite. I remember getting nothing more than a slightly exhilarating jolt when I first saw in print the Menckenian sentiment that democracy was a "fraud ... more amusing than any other, a parade of obvious imbecilities," though hopefully "a self-limiting disease." Since those free-wheeling days we have seen in huge stretches of this mercurial globe what life can be like in the absence of that joyous "fraud," how rule by a self-named élite can be vastly more corrupt and more degrading than this "farce" of ours, and infinitely cruel as well. Mencken's gusty swipes at democracy won the indulgent chuckles of the intellectual of 1925, secure in the blessings of that same democracy; but among decent folk there is only a shocked loathing today for the Pegler who writes, "I am not interested in democracy. Where it isn't, I don't miss it." The difference is greater than the gulf between the learned iconoclast of Baltimore and the cynical ignoramus of the Hearst press, between a man of urbanity and tolerance, for all his slashing style, and an unlettered misanthrope following the dark threads of his phobia; the real difference is the span between an era of self-assurance and one of fear.

Pick up Mencken's "Chrestomathy"* and see how far gone we really are, measuring the distance by what we could afford to laugh at twenty-five years ago and how gingerly we treat the same matters today. In the light of the grotesque uproar caused by the sober articles of Paul Blanshard, try to imagine a reputable magazine today tossing off such all-embracing blasphemy as the following, first printed in the *American Mercury* in 1924:

No, there is nothing notably dignified about religious ideas. They run, rather, to a peculiarly puerile and tedious kind of nonsense ... One may forgive a Communist or a Single-Taxer on the ground that there is something the matter with his ductless glands, and that a winter in the south of France would relieve him. But the average theologian is a hearty, red-faced, well-fed fellow with no discernible excuse in pathology. He disseminates his blather, not innocently, like a philosopher, but maliciously, like a politician.

One may care little or much for such pungent generalization, regarding it as either forthright or merely sophomoric, but what matters is that a quarter-century ago a man could write in this vein month after month without bringing down on his head the organized furies of church and state. There is no record that princes of the cloth raised hob because thousands of collegians on scores of campuses swore by the good green covers of the old *Mercury*; and no ad hoc committees were needed to protect it in its right to free and boisterous expression. Church and synagogue alike felt secure from any real challenge to their hoary status, and accordingly they suffered the vocal agnostic and even the violent atheist with hardly more than an occasional homiletic rap on the knuckles. But now, with organized religion on the rack in much of Europe, churchmen have the jitters and show it ever more plainly.

So it is with minority groups, understandably afflicted with the same oversensitivity. Going back a little farther into the days of a less queasy America, I recently happened on a passage in "Mr. Dooley's Opinions" in which the philosopher of Archey Road refers to the unsavory Tammany crowd of his day as "fine strong American citizens, an' Jew men, with their hand on th' pulse iv the people an' their free forearm again th' windpipe." Nobody ever thought of Finley Peter Dunne as even faintly anti-Semitic, but a phrase like that today would probably bring a picket line around every paper that carried it. No committee could have been formed, outside of Bellevue, to condemn Weber and Fields, or to force editors to withdraw "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy," or "Potash and Perlmutter," but today dialect comedy is under fire by earnest souls who feel that Fred Allen's Mrs. Nussbaum, Jack Benny's Rochester, Archy of the Tavern, and even Chico Marx add unnecessarily to the strain of maintaining interracial respect. Should such ponderous efforts have any success at all—fortunately improbable—it would be no index of progress but rather the reverse. The same goes for the fatuous attempt to have "Oliver Twist" and "The Merchant of Venice" put beyond the reach of schoolboys. That such efforts should be made at all shows the dismal level to which we have come, not surprisingly, after a decade of Buchenwalds.

What made Mencken and his fellow-scapegraces of the twenties not only endurable to the butts of their ridicule but even attractive—to right and left alike—was the telling fact that for all their pyrotechnics they were as innocent of active intent as a novice in a lamasery. Far from wanting to do anything about a civilization he thought—and still thinks—a "gigantic swindle," Mencken liked it just as it was. The world was an endless procession of quacks and suckers, all fulfilling their destinies solely for the entertainment of H. L. Mencken, and he would not have had it otherwise. He gave his name to no committees either of uplift or subversion, and the mere thought that a movement might be based on his anti-democratic theses would have affected him like the prospect of leprosy. He intended no harm. Indeed, he preserved a certain respect, if not for his opponents themselves, at least for their right to reciprocate his lively attentions. The man he admires, he says, is the one with "a

* Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

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serene spirit, a steady freedom from moral indignation, an all-embracing tolerance," one who "guards his *amour propre* by assuming that his opponent is as decent a man as he is, and just as honest—and perhaps, after all, right."

Little of this gentle quality, it must be said, comes through in the man's works, which credit few with virtue and fewer still with honesty. Yet even while he lays about him with a shillelagh, he does it with so much more glee than bitterness—with even a contemptuous fondness for his victims—that there is obviously no murderous intent. As a philosophical anarchist he can damn democracy and still be light-years removed from a Pegler; blast the church and all its agents and still loathe the Communists for putting it on the skids from Prague to Vladivostok.

Thus the world of the twenties was able to take him without pain and indeed with a good deal of pleasurable profit, delighting in his virtuosity with words and appreciating a penetration that is often acute if not sustained. The pity of it is that the world today is too far gone with tension and armed hate to support the luxury of a Mencken—and all the poorer for the lack.

The Tennyson Family

ALFRED TENNYSON. By His Grandson, Charles Tennyson. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

SIR CHARLES TENNYSON'S life of his grandfather taps family correspondence not available to Hallam Tennyson when he wrote the standard and filial "Tennyson: A Memoir." Most of this new material is about Alfred's father and grandfather and the poet's life to 1830. Though it is scarcely startling, some of it should be invaluable for explaining Tennyson. But Sir Charles, perhaps deliberately, has added nothing to Hallam's reverent portrait or to Harold Nicolson's admirable interpretation. The highly important connection between the poet's early life and his poetry remains to be worked out.

What does emerge, although this can hardly be what Sir Charles intended, is a merciless picture—which the reader must fit together for himself—of a strenuous and often unpleasant Victorian family, as determined to rise and as caught up in a nineteenth-century patriarchy as Samuel Butler's Pontifexes. Tennyson's grandfather, grimly set on amassing property, decided that his elder son would never do to carry on the county family he aspired to found. He passed him over as chief heir in favor of his younger son. George, the elder son and the poet's father, was forced to take orders. He did take orders. He married and begot a large family. He had endless difficulties about money. In later years he solaced himself, disastrously, with drink and with infinitely ramified family quarrels. A learned man, he encouraged learning in his children, but the rectory at Somersby was an unhappy and crowded household—"We are three and twenty in family and sleep five or six in a room." Four of his sons suffered from acute "nervous instability." When he died he left an enormous bill owed to his wine merchant and a family dependent on *his* father.

Meanwhile the younger brother, the heir, made himself into a county magnate, searching out family trees and erecting absurd ancestral halls. Yet it was the feckless poet, the son of the slighted elder brother, who established the Tennysons as a family and a legend. There is even evidence here that Alfred, who suffered much from the meticulous injustices of his grandfather and the vagaries of his father, tyrannized more, and more subtly of course, over the generations than ever his elders had, the Seer and the Prophet being a more durable influence than the ineffectual father or the hard-headed old man who merely wanted to establish a wealthy and respectable family.

The new material enables the reader to put together some such picture as this, although as it stands it is not a picture which tells us anything relevant about Tennyson the artist. In this sense Sir Charles's book has the same value and charm that are present in many second-rate memoirs—I think of Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood" or the eight breathless volumes of Tate Wilkinson—artless records to which the reader must stand in the relation of creative artist if they are to mean anything at all. Without such participation this book is merely an account of comings and goings decked out in a labored and genteel prose, one nineteenth-century cliché after another. For all the unostentatious dusting off of family skeletons, the prevailing tone is one of scissors and paste and filial piety.

Sir Charles's emphasis is on Tennyson the Thinker, not on the sensibility which produced "Tithonus" and "Mariana," the songs from "The Princess" and "Maud," the scenery in "The Idylls of the King," and the tortured searchings of "In Memoriam." He quotes extensively from Tennyson's serious talk, such excerpts as that recorded by the father of John Addington Symonds:

> I don't know whether to think the universe great or little. It seems now one, now the other. What makes its greatness? Not one sun, or one set of suns—or is it the whole together? . . . I cannot form the least notion of a brick, I don't know what it is. It's no use talking about atoms, extension, color, weight—I can't penetrate the brick. But I have more distinct ideas of God, of love and such emotions.

If one is willing to seach for it there is a great deal of potentially useful information here which Sir Charles has been content merely to record. He hazards no theories, for example, about Tennyson's relationship with Arthur Hallam, although he records it in detail, even to the well-known fact that after Tennyson's marriage he and his wife, at her "especial wish," visited Hallam's grave as " 'a kind of consecration' of the bond into which they had both entered." There is the wonderful episode of Tennyson's taking the Duke of Argyll into a large stubble field "one cold wintry day" and reciting there—so great was his fear of being overheard and imitated—the whole of "Tithonus" "under the strictest pledge of secrecy." Or purely lyric, perhaps irrelevant, but still worth a dozen examples of Tennyson's *thought*, there is his sister Emily, the betrothed of Hallam, speaking fifty years after his death to Annie Thackeray in "a strong Lincolnshire accent: 'I know that—I have felt that—I have felt everything—I know everything—I don't want any new emotion—I know what it is to feel like a stoan.' "

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At Tegernsee in 1880 Lord Acton met Tennyson. The historian was not entirely a sympathetic auditor, lamenting in the poet his "walking on the clouds, the airiness of his metaphysics, the indefiniteness of his knowledge, his neglect of transitions, the looseness of his political reasoning" — traits barely atoned for by "a gladness, not quickness, in taking a joke or story . . . a simple dignity when reading impatient attacks, a grave groping for religious certainty, and a generosity in the treatment of rivals."

Surely there was more to Tennyson than Acton discerned. We have the overwhelming evidence of his best poetry as well as some bad but interesting work. How explain the peculiar Tennysonian melancholy, the powerful but limited sensuality, the cry of the infant in the night combining so awkwardly with angry, vatic pronouncements? What about this Victorian ideal of the husband and the father, this prey to nervous anxiety, this archetype, so far as his clothes and a great part of his conduct were concerned, of the nineteenth-century concept of the poet? These are questions Sir Charles has not considered, although some indication of their answers must lie in the material he presents so abundantly, so carefully, and on which he has imposed only a chronological order. ERNEST JONES

Survey of Russian Poetry

A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN VERSE. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. The Macmillan Company. $5.

FEW literatures of the world exhibit over a short period of years such varied impacts of changing social and political ideas as Russian poetry. Perhaps this is so because the differences in such thought, and its manifestation through government and society, have been more lively in Russian history and more distinctly altered within the past century than in any other. The effect on the poetry, ranging from imperial court verse and belief in the evolving forms of Soviet government to automatic paeans of praise or disheartened suggestions of lost faith, is ably demonstrated in "A Treasury of Russian Verse."

However, this anthology—in its field the most comprehensive and informative yet published in this country—is not primarily concerned with the achievement of the Russian poets as political mouthpieces but as artists. Though the qualities of political concern cannot be escaped in some instances, the basis of selection has been the artistic virtues of the poet's work. Even here there is ample testimony to the fact that in all ages the patriotic spirit has been strong in the Russians; in spite of disgust, disappointment, failure, and change their poets have continually expressed a love of their homeland and have bequeathed this handy tradition of verse to the court poets of the Politburo.

But though they have this one tradition of acceptable literature—if any other is thought acceptable, *vide* Akhmatova and Pasternak, below, *et al.*—the contemporary Soviet poets, young enough to have been born in their cultural exile, show no more vitality in their dispirited imitations and verbal vacuums than the court poets of Catherine II.

The list of great Russian poets is led of course by Pushkin, whose genius burst through the pallid versifying of his country to give Russia its first and foremost poet. The words "Russian poetry" began to take on an undeniable importance when Pushkin's achievement was reinforced by that of two other fine poets—Tyutchev and Lermontov. This vigorous period included many more poets of considerable interest in the next half-century, but none to threaten seriously Pushkin's preeminence.

No equally impressive group appears until the twentieth century. To some extent these poets owe their vitality to the excitement of the social revolution which they experienced, though equally they owe their artistry—their ability to express that vitality—to the literary revolutions of symbolism and other poetry movements which swept Russia with as rapid a succession of manifestoes and liquidations as those on the Left Bank in the twenties.

Among these recent and still presumably living poets Boris Pasternak emerges as the writer of the most distinctive genius since Pushkin; but his non-political poems no longer appear in Russia. Anna Akhmatova is on the proscribed list, unfit to read or be printed; her sensitive poems, resembling lyrics from a severe, keen Sara Teasdale, conceal, presumably, the menace of human love.

Two other poets—one the finest spokesman of the Revolution, the other a fine revolutionary reputation—are both dead. Alexander Blok left behind him, along with masses of early "decadent" verses, two peaks of Soviet poetry—as distinguished from Russian poetry—in "The Twelve" and "The Scythians." Mayakovsky, who may be remembered by some as an impressive figure, dwindles when seen through his verse to a minor imagist in youth and in maturity the counterpart of a New York advertising copy-writer. The young poets of today who must toe the "line" are distinguished mainly by mechanically regurgitated content, insistent threats, and intellects one jump ahead of banality.

Most of these translations were made by Babette Deutsch, though a few by other hands are included. On the whole, her versions demonstrate a very satisfactory method of handling the almost insurmountable problem of rendering Russian in English. They have grace, rhythm, clarity, and the proper emphases—points in which many failures occur; and in many necessary cases (Pasternak, for instance) there is remarkable success in preserving the delicate music of the "rhymoids," or inexact rhymes.

Generous selections from the major poets and representative samples from the minor ones illustrate Mr. Yarmolinsky's excellent introduction, in which he relates the poets to their literary and political environments. Supplementary information concerning each poet may be found in the full biographical notes. To complete the editorial apparatus, the dates of composition, if known, or of publication are given for most of the poems, and there is an index of authors and of titles. Since there are no indications among the living poets that they will produce anything of serious artistic interest for years to come, this volume should for a long time hold its place as a sound, basic survey of Russian poetry.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

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An Early American Experimentalist

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN RUSH. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George W. Corner. Princeton University Press. $6.

THIS book is likely to speak to us and our children with the intimacy with which Franklin's autobiography spoke to earlier generations of Americans. Unlike Poor Richard, Dr. Rush was a troubled—sometimes even a splenetic—mind. Throughout his life he seemed plagued by those very questions of the interrelations of science, religion, and politics from which we find it most difficult to escape. One of the great American scientists, and perhaps the most important American physician of his age, he found himself at once on the frontiers of science and of politics, and he tried to use the resources of religion to discover the enemy and find out how he was to be conquered.

Rush (1746-1813) has been called the founder of psychiatry on this continent. He was an early opponent of capital punishment and of slavery, a supporter of free public education, and a successful reformer in penology and in the treatment of the insane. It was he who proposed to Paine the title "Common Sense" for the historic pamphlet; he himself signed the Declaration of Independence. He was steadfast in support, first of the Revolution, and later of the moderate republican movements of the first age of the Republic.

Such a pattern of scientific activity and republican humanitarianism fits neatly our cliché of the Enlightenment. But the other element in the trinity of Rush's interests which is revealed in this book—written not for publication but for the private instruction of his children—is less familiar. For Dr. Rush was an experimentalist in religion. He was poignantly concerned over man's relation to God; and his autobiography should suffice to prove that it was not necessary to be irreligious, or even "deistical," to be either a good scientist or a good republican by the standards of the American enlightenment. Unlike Jefferson, who viewed different religious sects as the "censors" of one another, Rush took an affirmative view:

> It would seem as if one of the designs of Providence in permitting the existence of so many Sects of Christians was that each Sect might be a depository of some great truth of the Gospel, and that it might by that means be better preserved. . . . Let the different Sects of Christians not only bear with each other, but love each other for this kind display of God's goodness whereby all the truths of their Religion are so protected that none of them can ever become feeble or be lost. When united they make a great whole, and that whole is the salvation of all men.

In Rush's mind science, republicanism, and religion illuminated one another, but there would have been no light at all without religion. He attributed his new ideas in medicine and his "precipitation of the feculencies of error" in education and penology "to the activity induced in my faculties by the evolution of my republican principles by the part I took in the American Revolution." To refuse to accept the doctrine of the Trinity seemed to Rush analogous to the "propensity in all Sciences to simplify themselves and to ascribe that to one which should be divided among many causes." That "the light of the Gospel has risen gradually on the world" appeared to Rush a prototype of the gradual progress of all scientific knowledge. Refusing to abandon the idea of revelation, he sought, instead, to reshape the concept to accord with his ideas of progress, making every scientific discovery a new fragment of revelation.

While his attitude toward religion and science was thus progressive and optimistic, he was a pessimist in politics. His own political experiences had been bitter—or at least so they seemed to him. We can discern in his mind the seeds of that traditional anti-political bias, that distrust of politicians, which in America has somehow remained consistent with a steadfast republicanism. Having been a physician general in Washington's army and active both in making the Pennsylvania constitution of 1790 and in securing the adoption of the federal Constitution in the crucial state of Pennsylvania, Rush concluded:

> To my sons I bequeath a father's experience, and I entreat them to take no public or active part in the disputes of their country beyond a vote at an election. If no scruples of conscience forbid them to bear arms, I would recommend to them rather to be soldiers than politicians, should they ever be so unfortunate as to live in a country distracted by a civil war. In battle men kill without hating each other; in political contests men hate without killing, but in that hatred they commit murder every hour of their lives.

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

Good Cheer

MEDIEVAL LATIN LYRICS. Translated by Helen Waddell. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

WOULD anybody like to feel happy for a change? Would anybody like to see and hear birds, see and smell flowers, see and taste cakes and fruit and wine, see and touch pretty girls? Would anybody like to waken to a world beginning with carol and bird-song, as distinguished from one ending, not with a bang, but a whimper? Well, then: suspend disbelief a little, absent thee from infelicity a while, get thee, not to a nunnery, but to some bookshop which will sell you "Medieval Latin Lyrics," translated by Helen Waddell.

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text and her own notes and comment. She is a translator both modest and valiant; she does so well at times that at others you want to wring her neck, in an affectionate way, or at least say, "Look, sister!" What she lacks is not so much imagination, but apparatus; she tends to rely too much on nineteenth-century form and epithet, thus missing, sometimes, the directness of the Latin: in "et quas tactu nequeo, saltem corde moechor" the Archpoet comes right out with it, and charmingly, in a way that makes his translator's "She's beyond my touching? Well, can't the mind do duty?" sound a little prim. And as for the gaiety, Cummings—*What if a much of a which of a wind* or *Somebody lived in a pretty how town*—would be happier as model to follow than Housman, or Swinburne. But this is boorish and ungracious carping, for which, however, Miss Waddell is a little responsible; she has done such wonders that we are disappointed when we don't get miracles.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Words and Meanings

ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF IDEAS. By Arthur O. Lovejoy. The Johns Hopkins Press. $5.

THOUGH probably not widely read outside academic cirles, Professor Lovejoy is as much responsible as any one man for the flourishing of a whole new school of literary scholars. "The Great Chain of Being," published some fifteen years ago, has been drawn upon by nearly every subsequent interpreter of eighteenth-century literature, and he has had much to do with the whole shift of interest from biographical minutiae to the study of the leading ideas of a literary age. The present volume is a collection of shorter articles reprinted from various learned journals, and it demonstrates on nearly every page Professor Lovejoy's power to illuminate by wide-ranging comparisons the intention behind words whose meaning has become blurred for us by the slow changing of contexts.

Like his previous books, "Essays in the History of Ideas" might very profitably be read by many who have no special interest in his subject, for his methods are applicable to the study of other times, including the present. If "nature" could be used to mean seventy different things in the eighteenth century and if "following nature" could be the professed intention of both the Augustans and the Romantics, the present-day meanings of "democracy" are almost as many. Or take the word "Gothic," which could once be used to express disapproval of even the tight corset, referred to in a poem as a "Gothic ligament." That particular word, as he says, "performed much the same necessary function that, in certain circles, the adjective 'Victorian' performs today."

There are sixteen essays in the volume and they cover a wide field, but the majority relate to the eighteenth century; the one on the part played by what was known or supposed of the Chinese Garden in changing the current conception of beauty in landscape is typical. The subject may sound dry, but many readers might be surprised to find how interesting an easy mastery of the materials can make it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Strong-minded Women

FEMALE PERSUASION. By Margaret Farrand Thorp. Yale University Press. $3.75.

THE crowded lives of six women whom reactionaries of their times dubbed "strong-minded" are here described by Mrs. Thorp in a lively style. Living in the second quarter of the last century when reform of all sorts from abolition of chattel slavery to dress reform was very much in the American air, when pioneering was not only physical but mental, moral, and political as well, when there was an optimistic faith in "the American Way" that was decidedly not the way of the chambers of commerce of today, these women wrought heroically to give us freedoms we now take for granted.

The six are Catherine E. Beecher, daughter of Lyman and sister of Henry Ward Beecher; Jane Grey Swisshelm, pioneer Washington correspondent and editor of her own fighting paper, the *Visiter* (sic); Amelia Bloomer, who made famous but did not originate the Turkish trouser, symbol of dress reform; Grace Greenwood, author of sprightly Washington correspondence and letters on Western travel; Louisa Cheves McCord, an apologist for Southern slavery who went after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a vengeance; and Maria Child, the well-known anti-slavery editor. If anyone still believes that these women and their crusading sisters were the cigar-smoking, pants-wearing, half-masculine types which the cartoonists of their day pictured them, Mrs. Thorp's account of their personal lives will be convincing proof to the contrary. But at a time when woman's role was to sit in the rear of the hall and politely applaud the male orators, these pioneers of freedom did go up through mobs of "scorning men" and say their pieces. Like Jane Swisshelm they demanded and got a seat in the Senate press gallery. The part they played, always excepting Mrs. McCord, in the suffrage and abolitionist and temperance movements was all important. And they were smart housekeepers as well.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Books in Brief

THE DIARY OF A WRITER. By Feodor Dostoievsky. Scribner's. Two Volumes, Boxed. $12.50. Now published for the first time in a complete English version, this collection of Dostevski's journalism ranges from brilliant crime reportage to tedious harangues for Slavophilism, from wonderfully realized sketches of Russian life to expressions of chauvinist bathos of a sort only glimpsed in the novels but here seen at their ugliest. Almost all the articles are sloppily written, but even at their worst they still bear the Dostevskian signature—the blend of reactionary dogma and revolutionary feeling, the

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mixture of coarse political brutality (anti-Semitism, war-bleating) with a trembling regard for the religious salvation of fellow-beings, and the coexistence of obsessive sadism with a strongly "feminine" tenderness. For the ordinary reader a volume of selections eliminating Dostevski's innumerable boring repetitions would have been desirable, but it is none the less extremely useful to have in English this mass of secondary writing by one of the world's primary writers.

THE WESTERN RESERVE. By Harlan Hatcher. Bobbs-Merrill. $4. Governor Bowles of Connecticut signed a bill the other day transferring to Ohio ownership one acre of land fifty miles south of Toledo. By this act Connecticut officially gave up the last bit of the nearly three million acres which it once held in the Western Reserve in the Buckeye State. Mr. Hatcher, vice-president of Ohio State University and the author of several other books on the region around Lake Erie which was settled by Connecticut immigrants and in many of its small towns still wears the New England look, tells the interesting story of New Connecticut in Ohio. He then describes the way in which the cities of the Reserve such as Cleveland, Youngstown, and Akron have absorbed the latter-day immigrants. The author has his research well organized, and his style flows easily. If at times he becomes lyrical over the innate progressivism of the region which gave us Mark Hanna and McKinley and Rockefeller, as well as Tom Johnson and Peter Witt, he can be forgiven for this Buckeye brag in view of the contagious enthusiasm with which he tackles his favorite theme.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT BENDINER is Associate Editor of *The Nation.*

HUBERT CREEKMORE is the author of a novel, "The Welcome."

DANIEL BOORSTIN is the author of "The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES has recently published a new book of poems: "The Wind of Time."

B. H. Haggin is on vacation. His column will be resumed in the issue of September 10.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Doctors Victimized?

In our issue of August 13 Dr. Frederick P. Bornstein of Herrin, Illinois, held that "state medicine" would deprive physicians of their civil liberties, in particular of the freedom to select the area in which they wished to practice. Readers were invited to comment on Dr. Bornstein's argument.

—EDITORS THE NATION

Dear Sirs: Dr. Bornstein's letter points out that it is a poor proposal which would bring good to one group only at the sacrifice of good by some other group, however small, proportionately, that other group may be. But I cannot help thinking that Dr. Bornstein's letter errs on two counts: first, he is overstating the ills which would accrue to the "victimized" minority, and second, he is overlooking the fact that for many years economic necessity has been "assigning or forbidding an individual the place where he wishes to live," at least in the majority of occupations.

If a young doctor wishes to set up his practice in Bar Harbor but is told he must go to South Dakota, that doctor might, on the face of it, have cause for grievance. But isn't there another factor to be considered here? Isn't it true that a young man who chooses to undergo the lengthy training preparatory to practicing medicine is motivated, at least in part, by his interest in medicine as such? A man does not choose to be a doctor rather than a shoe salesman simply because he expects to make more money as a doctor, or because he expects to live in a more attractive environment. Thus it would seem that a doctor should be able to receive one of his most important compensations in South Dakota as readily as in Bar Harbor. This is not to say that the compensation is sufficient to outweigh all other disadvantages, but it certainly should help.

The idea that the American "worker" is still free to move about the country and live and work where he pleases is, I am afraid, something of a myth. The economic structure of our society is much too tight to allow that kind of freedom of opportunity to the average employee. The national shortage of doctors has, to date, exempted them from this economic control and they have thus been able to enjoy a somewhat anachronistic privilege. If doctors were to be brought under a control which would affect them in much the same way as economic necessity affects others, they could find consolation in the fact that they were enduring a control which, good or bad, has been integral to our economic society for several years.

These arguments do not, of course, either individually or together, entirely remove the taint of "victimization" of which Dr. Bornstein speaks. But these arguments, combined with the obvious good to society which would result from a more even distribution of the nation's physicians, should make that "victimization" somewhat more palatable, and perhaps somewhat less of a "victimization."

RICHARD A. SEARS

Cambridge, Mass., August 12

Help Needed

Dear Sirs: As a reader of *The Nation,* I would like to ask you to give this letter your consideration.

I am a World War II veteran. I served over three years with Hq. Co. 3rd Bn, 351st Inf., 88th Inf. Division. We had sixteen months of actual combat in Italy and I hold the combat infantryman's badge, three battle stars, and other decorations and citations. I also have an honorable discharge.

On February 23, 1949, I had to appear before a Loyalty Board hearing in Los Angeles and as a result on July 25, 1949, I received a communication from the Post Office Department suspending me from my job as a letter carrier after twenty years of service.

The list of charges presented against me is interminable. I told the board that I had belonged to the Communist Party while living in New York, and that I had dropped out in 1939, about three years before I enlisted in the army.

The FBI has been snooping into my private life for the last fifteen years and has found out that after I left the army I indulged in the following activities. I have read *In Fact,* the *New Republic,* the *National Guardian,* and the *People's World.*

I have belonged to the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and have worked for equal rights and equal opportunities for all races and nationalities.

I have supported strikers in their ef-

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fort to obtain higher wages and better living conditions.

I have worked against anti-Semitism, bigotry, and religious intolerance.

I have attended peace rallies, Progressive Party meetings, and I have worked for friendship with the Soviet Union.

The United Defense Committee has offered me moral and material support. The readers who may desire to help our cause please send contributions, no matter how small, to Mrs. Edna Johnston, treasurer, 1835 Longwood Ave., Los Angeles 6, Cal.

LAUREANO J. GONZALES

Torrance, Cal., August 7

Union Now

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to find *The Nation* indorsing Walter Lippmann's argument again a united Western Europe. It is perfectly true that even a complete economic union would not cure Europe's disease. It would help, no doubt. To borrow Mr. Lippmann's illustration, supposing the United States were reduced to the states north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, the whole West and South being foreign, still it would be better for that area to form a union rather than fourteen nations with custom barriers.

What is needed for the peace and progress of Europe is political union; and political union is inconceivable without economic federation. So long as nations emphasize local interests, they will practice *sacro egoismo.* Europe—the common people of Europe—is ripe for a complete merging, military, political, economic. The curse of the Continent is the muddle-headedness of the British Labor government, which wants at the same time to be in Europe and out of Europe. That government is doing its very best to sabotage Strasbourg.

In urging a Western European union, Messrs. Churchill and Dewey are right. Churchill is wrong when he wants that union to embark on a crusade against Russia: Dewey is wrong when he pleads for a return to the profiteering motive. But in spite of these distortions, the fundamental idea is sound.

ALBERT GUERARD

Cambridge, Mass., August 8

POSITION AVAILABLE

JEWISH children's agency in large midwestern city is seeking a Jewish cottage parent or couple for work in a new experimental treatment unit for disturbed boys age 10–18. Total capacity of unit is 15. Couple would be responsible for maximum of 8 children. Children use public school facilities. Agency prefers persons with some educational background and a capacity to work closely under psychiatric supervision. Excellent salary and working conditions. Box 132, c/o The Nation.

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EXPERIENCED New York newspaperman, 33, wants job change to enlist writing ability and initiative in fight against discrimination and disease with organizaton or private business dedicated to same ideal. Box 130, c/o The Nation.

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FREE report "From Underground Spain." Lists Franco repressions and Pozu Fumeres tragedy. Order from International Solidarity Committee, 303 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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YOUNG professional woman, 29, cultural and art background, attractive appearance, invites correspondence with young man of liberal mind and artistic tastes. Box 133, c/o The Nation.

GRADUATE student driving to Iowa via Chicago September 8–10 desires company. Box 131, c/o The Nation.

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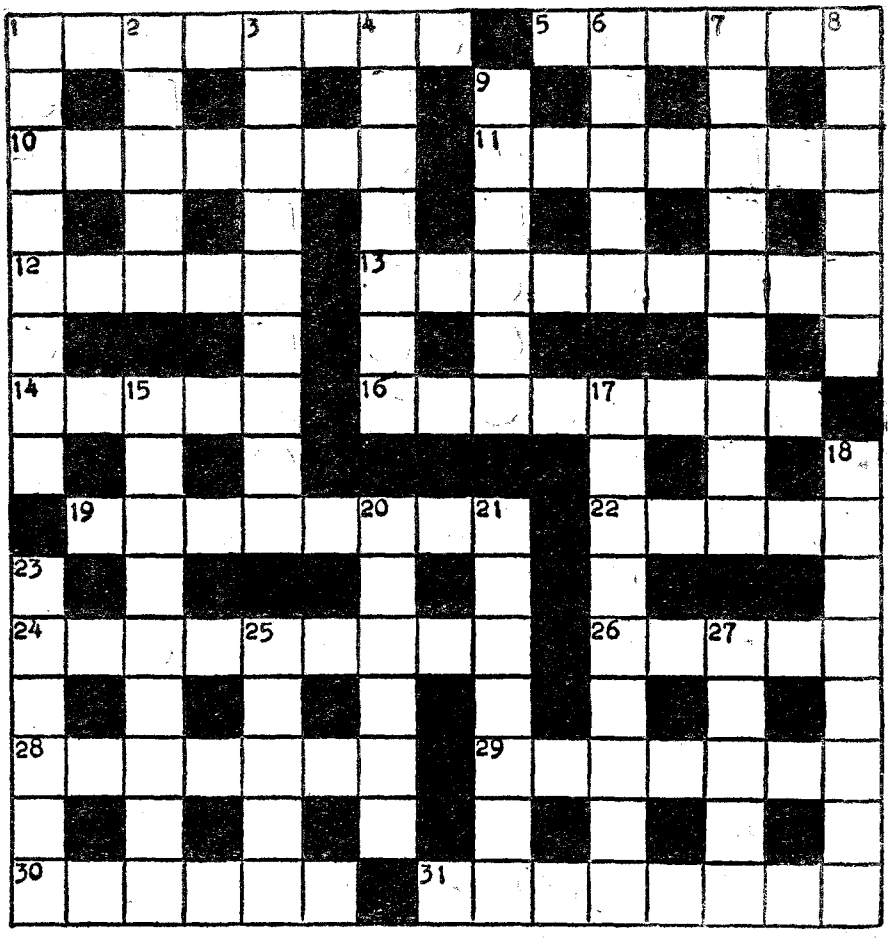
Crossword Puzzle No. 324

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Fixed in a surrounding mass. (8)
5 and 11 Internationally speaking, change a nine into dust. (6, 7)
10 London elevators in the ascendant? (7)
11 See 5.
12 It's use is only for a girl. (5)
13 Collins' literary gem. (9)
14 and 6 7 and 2 when counterfeit? (5, 5)
16 Ordinarily a standard to apply to a friend. (8)
19 Gibing. (8)
22 You might find it run on the Po. (5)
24 and 26 Talk about them? Quite the opposite! (9, 5)
28 You can make it, according to the sound, only if it melts. (7)
29 Tire for a wheel animalcule. (7)
30 Apothegm. (6)
31 What a more formal 12 is supposed to display. (The "Garden" variety shows some discoloration.) (5, 3)

DOWN

1 My flue is in need of shaking. (8)
2 See 7.
3 The color of another horse. (9)
4 What is meant as Rochester's school. (7)
6 See 14.
7 and 2 Reputedly the notes taken at races. (3-6, 5)
8 A plunger at track? (6)
9 Such sports sound as though they come from India. (6)
15 The humor of an internationally known cartoonist? (3, 6)
17 and 27 Evinced, but not necessarily used, by the kleptomaniac. (9, 5)
18 How the convivial boatman of Berlin travels? (2, 1, 5)
20 Get me up after I command the same source. (6)
21 Enlarge the common. (7)
23 You might get fits out of this. (6)
25 Certainly not the worst half of Burns. (5)
27 See 17.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 323

ACROSS:—1 AGNOMEN; 5 PALETOT; 9 DIGESTS; 10 THERETO; 11 NATAL; 12 EMBASSIES; 15 EARTHEN; 18 THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS; 20 TED; 21 HOLIDAY; 26 UNCERTAIN; 28 NOOSE; 29 AEOLIAN; 30 HOTSPUR; 31 DESCEND; 32 STRINGS.

DOWN:—3 MISPLAYED; 4 NESTERS; 5 POTABLE; 6 LIENS; 7 THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES; 13 WHO; 16 RESONATOR; 17 EEL; 19 ELECTORS; 22 YEARNED; 23 HUNCHES; 24 COUPON; 25 FERRIS; 27 RAISE.

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